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Philadelphia. The "American Peace Society" was formed in 1827. He superintended the publication of the "Harbinger of Peace" and the "Calumet," until the present day, with some assistance from New York; but without expense for editorship, except for eight numbers, during his illness from a paralytic attack, brought on probably by excitement at the anniversary in 1832. With the recovery of his health his exertions have redoubled.

Mr. Ladd's publications which are strongly marked by good sense, vigor, and elevated sentiment, are, besides several Peace Addresses, two volumes of "Essays" by Philanthropes; "Essays on the Bunker Hill Monument," and "Review of Commodore Porter's Voyage to the Pacific," which have been republished in England; a "Dissertation on a Congress of Nations;" "A Solemn Appeal to Christians," &c. &c.

The youthful mind has not escaped the attention of Mr. Ladd. His first effort in this direction was "The Sword, a Christmas present," a fiction founded on fact, designed for a Sunday School Book; but thinking it improper to employ fiction, he afterwards wrote: "Howard and Napoleon contrasted;" "The History of Alexander viewed in the light of the Gospel," and the "History of a French Soldier." Nor in our opinion are these among the least valuable of Mr. Ladd's contributions on this subject. Long may it please a kind Providence to spare him, and give him health and ability to serve his God, his country, and the world in this good cause.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We give the following extracts from the last number of the London Herald of Peace:

"*Peace restored between two African Chiefs, by Richard Lander.* Richard Lander was at Atta on the 21st of July. He was making preparations to ascend the river in the Alburka, accompanied by Lieutenant Allen and a medical man. His voyage from the coast in a canoe, occupied him thirty-two days. In a letter to his brother, of the date stated, with an extract from which we are favored, he says:

"You know that when we were here together, Abucco, chief of Damugoo, had been at variance for several years with his brother, the ruler of Atta. On arriving at the former place from the coast, I was sorry to find the brothers, with their respective subjects, still engaged in that petty but obstinate and ferocious warfare which had distinguished the quarrel at its commencement. Determined, if possible, to effect a reconciliation between them, I prevailed on our old friend Abucco to accompany me to Atta, promising to introduce him to his brother, and pledged my life for his safety. The meeting took place on the 22d of November, and a highly interesting one it was, I assure you. Our party were introduced into a large square enclosure. The chief, seated on a kind of throne, was surrounded by all his mallams, and a multitude of his attendants. Abucco instinctively drew back as he approached the throne, but, taking him by the hand, I led, or rather pulled him towards his brother. At this moment his confidence seemed to have forsaken him entirely; his head hung down upon his breast, and I could feel him tremble violently. While I was displaying my presents to the chief of Atta, I perceived him several times bestow a hasty and displeased look on his brother, who had disengaged himself from my hand, and was sitting on the ground. Though seven years had elapsed since their last meeting, neither of the rulers uttered a word. The curiosity of the chief of Atta having in some measure been gratified, I immediately introduced his brother to his notice by paying him a high compliment, which Abucco had certainly deserved. I then expressed the regret I felt on witnessing the bad effects of the misunderstanding which had existed between them for so many years, insisted on the necessity of brothers living together in harmony; and said, I was determined not to quit the spot until I had established a perfect reconciliation between them. The chief was extremely disconcerted, but he made no reply. I then desired Abucco to rise, and, leading him to his brother, I took the right hand of each,

and pressing both hands together, made them shake hands heartily, observing: 'You are now friends, and may God keep you so.' The brothers were deeply affected, and neither of them could utter a syllable for several seconds afterwards. Every countenance beamed with delight at the happy termination of the interview, and the multitude gave vent to their feelings in a loud, long, and general shout. For my part, I need not say I cannot tell the heart-felt gratification I felt at that moment. But this is not the most important good that I have been the humble means of effecting at this place. From time immemorial, it has been a custom with the rulers of Atta to sacrifice human beings on rejoicing days and on all public occasions. At the interview which I have just described to you, two poor creatures were brought before us to be slain, in order that their blood might be sprinkled about the yard. I shuddered at the proposal, and begged with earnestness that nothing of the kind might be done. I assured the chief he would one day have to give an account to God of every life he might wantonly destroy; and also made him sensible, that, though after death his body would moulder into dust, his soul would live forever, and that it would be happy or miserable in proportion to the good or bad actions he had performed, or might yet perform, in this world. The chief was evidently much affected at my words, and desired his followers to unbind the interred victims and remove them from the yard. He then made a solemn promise to put an end to the custom of sacrificing human beings. As soon as this declaration was made known to the mallams and the crowd of attendants in the yard, they all held up their hands in token of approbation, and shouted for joy. It is now seven or eight months since this promise was made, and I am happy to say it has been religiously kept.—*Literary Gazette.*"

"*Epitome of War.* The history of every war is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other with rather jealous and indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow. 'What are ye glowrin' at, Billy?' 'What's that to you? I'll look where I have a mind, an' hinder me if ye daur.' A hearty blow was the return to this, and there such a battle begun! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general and desperate. At one time they fought with missile weapons, such as stones and snow-balls; but at length they coped in a rage, and many bloody raps were liberally given and received. I went up to try if I could pacify them; for by this time a number of little girls had joined the affray, and I was afraid they would be killed. So, addressing the one party, I asked what they were pelting the others for: what they had done to them. 'O, naething at a', man; we just want to gie them a good thrashin'.' After fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between, covered with blood, and his clothes torn to tatters, and addressed the belligerent parties thus: 'Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye: if ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane.' There was no more of it: the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play. I thought at the time, and have often thought since, that that trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general, that I had ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown-up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, hound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after a waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boy's conditions: 'If ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane.'—*Extract from Lay Sermons, by the Ettrick Shepherd, p. 107.*"

"*Without Arms the best Defence, an Anecdote.* The writer was once favored to sit with that well-known and much esteemed minister of the gospel, George Dilwyn, at his fire-side, in Burlington city, where he related the following:

"A little before the revolutionary war, there were a few families of Friends, who had removed from Duchess county and settled at Easton, then

in Saratoga county and state of New-York. These requested the favor of holding a religious meeting, which was granted. The section of country proved to be one which was so much distressed by scouting parties from both the British and American armies, that the American government, unable to protect the inhabitants, issued a proclamation directing them to leave their country; and they did generally go. Friends requested to be permitted to exercise their own judgment—saying, You are clear of us in that you have warned us—remained at their homes, and kept up their meetings. Robert Nisbet, who lived at that time at East Hoosack, about thirty miles distant, felt a concern to walk through the then wilderness country, and sit with Friends at their week-day meeting. As they were sitting in meeting with their door open, they discovered an Indian peeping round the door post. When he saw Friends sitting without word or deed, he stepped forward and took a full view of all that was in the house; then he and his company, placing their arms in a corner of the room, took seats with Friends, and so remained till the meeting closed. Zebulon Hoxie, one of the Friends present, then invited them to his house, put a cheese and what bread he had on the table, and invited them to help themselves: they did so, and went quietly and harmlessly away. Before their departure, however, Robert Nisbet, who could speak and understand the French tongue, had a conversation with their leader in French. He told Robert that they surrounded the house intending to destroy all that were in it; 'but,' said he, 'when we saw you sitting with your door open, and without weapons of defence, we had no disposition to hurt you—we would have fought for you.' This party had human scalps with them.'

"The writer, when reflecting upon this extraordinary circumstance, concluded to call on Zebulon Hoxie, who said the occurrence had been clearly stated by our dear aged friend; George Dilwyn."—*Extracted from the Friend, Literary Journal, Philadelphia, 12mo. 30, 1833.*

"*National Mediation.* The difference between France and Sweden is conciliated by the mediation of England; and the ministers of the two powers have appeared at their respective courts as before.—*Atlas, (London,) June 29, 1834.*"

NEW PEACE SOCIETY. On the 27th of January, a Society was formed in Bowdoin-street church, Boston, by the young men of that society, on the principle that *all* war is inconsistent with the spirit of the Gospel.

Manual of Peace. A volume by Professor Upham of Bowdoin College, consisting of essays on the evils of War, and on the methods of promoting universal Peace by means of a Congress of Nations. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 400, good paper, cloth binding. Price, \$1 50. This work is published by subscription. We hope the friends of peace will secure the excellent author from loss, by subscribing for this work. Of its value we need not speak. Portions of it have already appeared in print, and the author's reputation is known. Subscriptions received by the agents of the American Peace Society.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE ADVOCATE.—With this number the Advocate completes its first year,—and also the period of the present Editor's engagement in the conduct of the work. How far it has contributed to promote the cause of Peace cannot now be known. The favor with which it has been received, where it has gone, and the terms of respect and approbation in which it has been mentioned in cotemporary journals, are certainly gratifying. The work will continue to be published as heretofore, at Hartford, by Wm. Watson, but will be put out for the AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

The care of the journal will hereafter devolve upon Mr. FRANCIS FELLOWES, whose excellent contributions to our pages the past year, will be a sufficient warrant to our readers for the ability with which it will be carried on by him. For ourselves, from our personal acquaintance with Mr. Fellowes, we can most confidently commit to him the promotion of our good cause in the conduct of this journal.